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The Dust of Love



29 0 4

Chapter 1 by Casey Danielle Triplett

She had been waiting for his call for days it seemed even though it had only been a mere six hours. The bronzed 5'9" carpenter from the bar with gorgeous dark golden almost bronzed hair in some places was definately on her mind. Those intense green eyes and they way he caught her off guard with that kiss had her immobilized in a fantasy. "Why would a man like that just come up to a girl like me?" she thought to herself. Herself being a petite 4'9" with a firey red bob and fair skin. Ingrid usually just kept to herself a natural made wallflower. Occasionally she'd find a good book or go out with some friends but she liked to visit the bar. She liked to go and hear stories about her dad from the guys who frequent. She usually sipped on a vodka and cranberry with a tall glass of water and tried to remember the last days she had with her dad. Her father Joseph had just passed away a short 3 months ago for unexplained reasons at 53 years old. However, last night she found herself at the bar way too long and feeling depressed when the gorgeous man walked in.

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